NO. 48

PEP COMICS

MAY

10¢

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

GREETINGS, GANG:

At this writing the contest we started in last month's PEP magazine has not yet hit the newsstands. Therefore, naturally, no contestant's letters have been received. So, this in between period is a good time to transmit a vital message from your government to you.

There is a very acute shortage of paper and Uncle Sam wants you to save all the scrap paper you can get your hands on. And, here is the nice part. When you have saved enough paper to make a worthwhile bundle, DON'T GIVE IT AWAY! SELL IT. Here is a chance for you to make some money and be patriotic at the same time.

Anything at all that is paper means money in your pocket. Old newspapers, magazines, cardboard boxes, etc. Now, here is how you go about selling it. Every city, town and village will have a salvage department. In the bigger cities it might be a junkman or a circulation collection depot whose address you can find out by calling your local O.P.A. Board. In smaller towns it might be your local church organizations or Boy Scout Headquarters or the Red Cross, and so on.

Remember, paper is ammunition, vital ammunition. Dusty and I know that if there is one group of boys and girls in this country who will come to the aid of Uncle Sam when he needs them, that group is the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. Well, your Uncle Sam needs you now. So, go to it, boys and girls.

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

MAY, 1944. Volume 1, Number 48. PEP COMICS is published monthly, except January, April, July and October, by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, 7, Mo. Editorial offices: 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1944, by M. L. J. Magazines. Single copies 10 cents; 10 issues for $1.00 in U. S. A. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y.

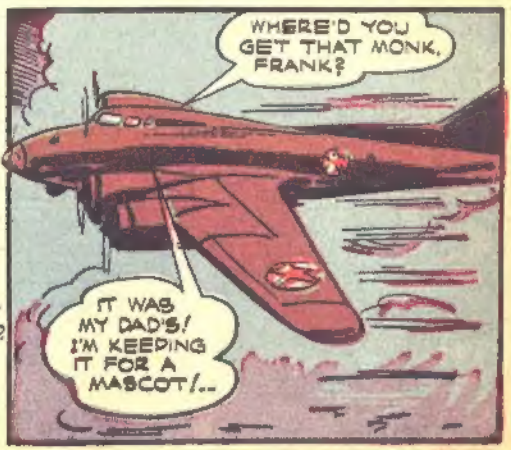
THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
The CURSE OF THE
BLACK MONKEY

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CROW'S NEST OF A U.S. TRANSPORT..
WHAT'S THAT? A PIECE OF FLOATING WRECKAGE, AND... HOLY MACKERAL!
NO WONDER THE SAILOR IS AMAZED, FOR LOOK AT THE SURVIVOR HE SEES..
THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KEEP THE MONK, CAPTAIN!
WELL, YOU SAW HIM FIRST, JOHNSON! FUNNY THAT A MONKEY SHOULD BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR!
THAT EVENING A RAGING GALE BLOWS UP..
THIS IS SURE A QUEER LOOKIN' MONK! ALL BLACK AND BLIND AS A BAT! GIVES ME THE CREEPS THE WAY IT JUST KEEPS STARIN'!...
MAKES ME FEEL AS THOUGH SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN ANY...
BOOM!
AGH HH..
AND BLIND THOUGH IT SEEMS TO BE THE BLACK MONKEY MAKES IT'S WAY UNERRINGLY TOWARD DECK, LEAVING BEHIND IT'S DEAD OWNER...

NEXT DAY...
COME IN!
KNOCK KNOCK
WHAT IS IT, LIEUT. COOK?
IT'S ABOUT THIS MONK, SIR! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!
NONE OF THE BOYS'LL HAVE IT! THEY SAY IT'S A JINX!
SUCH NONSENSICAL SUPERSTITION! JOHNSON'S DEATH WAS SHEER ACCIDENT.. HERE..I'LL TAKE IT!
DAYS LATER THE SHIP PULLS INTO HOME PORT..
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO MEET THE BEST FAMILY A MAN EVER HAD, MONK!
ANN, DEAR IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
OH, ANDREW! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE!
HELLO, DAD!

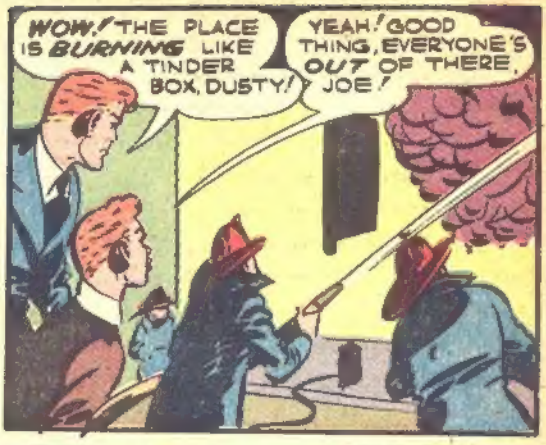
SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING MASCOT YOU BROUGHT HOME, DAD! WHAT'S IT'S NAME?
OH, THE BOYS CALLED HIM "THE JINX"! THEY HAD A QUEER NOTION, THAT...

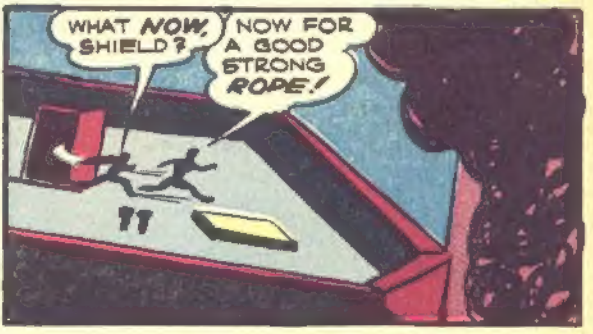
SO, ONCE AGAIN "THE JINX" LIVES UP TO IT'S NAME! A SUNKEN SHIP WITH ALL HANDS LOST! A SAILOR STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! AND NOW A SHIP CAPTAIN! MERELY CO-INCIDENCE, OR IS THIS BLACK MONKEY WITH IT'S WEIRD, UNSEEING EYES REALLY A HARBINGER OF EVIL? LET US SEE!



SURE IS A QUEER LOOKIN' BUGGER! BLACK AS SIN!
AND BLIND TOO! DAD SAID HIS CREW THOUGHT IT BAD LUCK! CALLED IT "THE JINX!
BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT ROT, ANY MORE THAN... HEY! WE'RE LOSIN' ALTITUDE!
MOTOR'S CONKIN' OUT! BAIL OUT, CHARLIE!
CRASH!
FROM THE WRECKAGE A LONE SURVIVOR EMERGES...
FROM HAND TO HAND "THE JINX" TRAVELS.. EVER BRINGING MISFORTUNE.. IT'S BEADY LITTLE GLITTERING EYES UNSEEING..AND YET SEEMING TO SEE ALL /THEN AFTER A DEVIOUS PROCESS OF EXCHANGE, WE PICK UP IT'S CAREER ONCE AGAIN..THIS TIME IN POSSESSION OF PIETRO, THE ORGAN GRINDER..
'AT'S ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, JINX!
HA... WE MAKE A DA GOOD BUSINESS TODAY!
HARD LUCK A MONK, THEY TELL ME WHEN THEY SELL A YOU TO ME! HA! FOR ME YOU ARE THE GOOD LUCK!

FOG YOU GOOD LUCK, EH, PIETRO! PERHAPS YOU WOULD CHANGE YOUR MIND IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT WAS TO BE IN STORE FOR YOU IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE! THAT VERY EVENING IN FACT... AFTER YOU'VE GONE TO SLEEP!





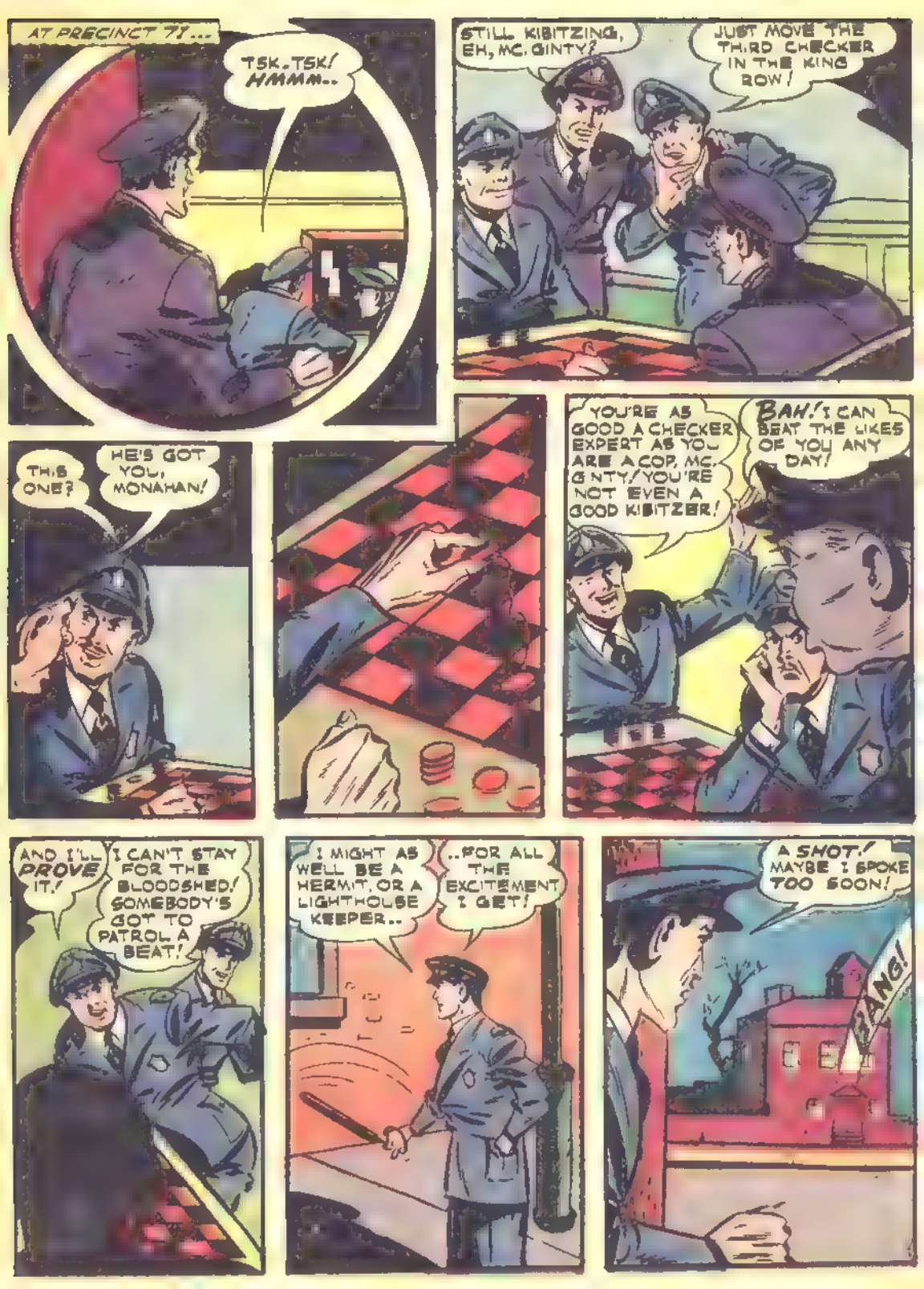
YOU WILL IN JUST A MINUTE!
HEY! I'M BEGIN-NING TO UNDERSTAND!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD. NOW JUMP, DUSTY!
GOOD BOY! NOW TO SWING YOU INTO THE WINDOW!
BULLSEYE!
I'LL BE - GOT HERE TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO KEEP ALIVE, MONK! BUT I'LL SEE TO IT YOU STAY THAT WAY!
GOOD WORK, LAD. NOW WE'LL BOTH CLIMB DOWN THIS POLE!
FUNNY LOOKIN' CHIMP! COAL BLACK!
GOOD LORD! I THINK THE MONK'S BLIND, DUSTY!
THAT MAKES IT TWICE AS STRANGE, SHIELD! A BLIND MON-KEY SURVIVES, WHILE ITS HEALTHY OWNER DIES

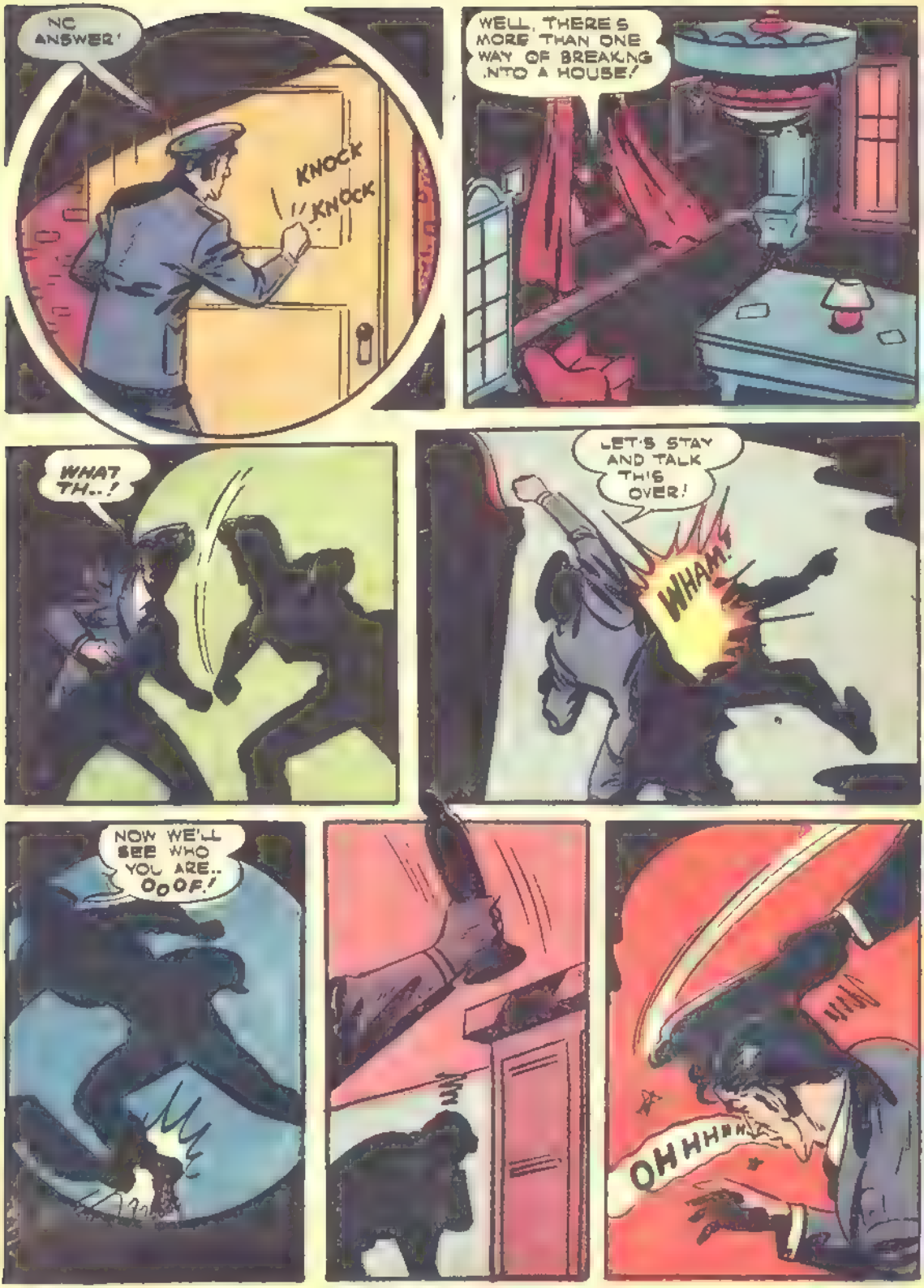
OH WELL, I'M GONNA KEEP IT FOR A MASCOT, JOE!
HMM... WASN'T MUCH OF A MASCOT FOR THAT POOR OLD ORGAN GRINDER!
RUN ALONG TO THE APARTMENT, LAD. I'M GONNA DROP IN ON MY OLD FRIEND, DOC HASKELL!
THE ANTHROPOL-OGIST, HUH. OKAY, SEE YOU LATER!
HELLO, DOC! LONG TIME NO SEE!
HELLO JOE! JUST GOT BACK FROM INDIA! GLAD YOU LOOKED ME UP!
INDIA HUH! EXPLORING AGAIN, I SEE!
YES! THIS TIME A VERY CUR-IOUS TRIBE CALLED THE THUGGI!
THEY HAVE A PECULIAR CODE OF LIVING! THEY WORSHIP CRIME, MURDER AND VIOLENCE!
HMM- SOUNDS A GOOD DEAL LIKE THE JAPS AND NAZIS, DON'T THEY!
YES! ONLY THE THUGGI ARE AN INFINITELY OLDER RACE. BUT RIGHT NOW THEY'RE NOT PRACTICING THEIR RELIGION. IT SEEMS THEY LOST THEIR SACRED IDOL - A BLACK MONKEY!
THIS BLACK MONKEY IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT ALL THE EVIL OF THE TRIBE... AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK TO ALL BUT THE THUGGI! WHAT'S THE MATTER JOE? YOU GAVE A SUDDEN START!
BLACK MONKEY! BAD LUCK, EH. SOUNDS FANTASTIC - AND YET THAT POOR OLD ORGAN GRINDER CERTAINLY WAS UNLUCKY!

TELL ME DOC! IS THAT MISSING THUGGI MONKEY BLIND?
WHY YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW? THE THUGGI ALWAYS BLIND THEIR MONKEY GOD!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! SO LONG AND THANKS!
OUTSIDE, JOE HIGGINS, THE F.B.I. MAN, BECOMES THE SHIELD!
MAYBE IT'S JUST A CRAZY HUNCH! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!
AT THAT MOMENT
PUT 'EM UP BRAT!
LEGS SARDI! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE PEN!
WHERE YOU AN'YER PAL, JOE HIGGINS, PUT ME, HUH! BUT I BUSTED OUT AND I'M GETTIN' EVEN. YOU FIRST!
YOU'RE THROUGH! UGH!
BANG
WRONG, LEGS! YOU'RE THROUGH!
WHEN I FINISH WITH YOU, YOU'LL THINK PRISON IS A REST CURE!
DUSTY! HE'S HIT! DUSTY, LAD! SPEAK TO ME!

I-I'M ALL RIGHT! HE-HE JUST WINGED ME, SHIELD- THANKS TO YOU!
SHIELD! LOOK! SARDI'S MAKING A GETAWAY!
OOOOO..
BANG!
DEAD! KILLED BY AN ACCIDENTAL SHOT THE BLACK MONKEY FIRED! THAT MONK IS A HOODOO ALLRIGHT!
THE SHIELD TELLS DUSTY THE STRANGE LEGEND OF THE MONKEY-
WHEW! WOTTA YARN! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH THAT JINX, SHIELD! KILL IT?
NO!, I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING BETTER! THIS HEADLINE GAVE ME THE IDEA!
DAILY GLOBE
EXCHANGE SHIP TO TAKE JAPANESE CONSUL BACK TO JAPAN! JAPAN TO FREE AMERICAN CONSUL IN RETURN
AND SO IT IS, THE DAY THE JAP EXCHANGE IS TO SET SAIL, THE NIPPONESE CONSUL WALKS INTO HIS STATE ROOM TO FIND
AH! SO CUTE MONKEY! MOST HOLY EMPEROR WILL BE PLEASED TO ACCEPT IT AS HUMBLE GIFT!
EEP!
AND SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, READ YOUR NEWSPAPERS CAREFULLY FROM NOW ON. SHOULD SOME PECULIAR DISASTER OVERTAKE THE YELLOW ROLLER - REMEMBER THE BLACK MONKEY!

The BLACK HOOD
MAN of MYSTERY
THE
CORPSE
ON THE
CHECKER
BOARD


AT PRECINCT 77...
TSK.TSK! HMMM..
STILL KIBITZING, EH, MC. GINTY?
JUST MOVE THE THIRD CHECKER IN THE KING ROW!
THIS ONE?
HE'S GOT YOU, MONAHAN!
YOU'RE AS GOOD A CHECKER EXPERT AS YOU ARE A COP, MC. GINTY! YOU'RE NOT EVEN A GOOD KIBITZER!
BAH! I CAN BEAT THE LIKES OF YOU ANY DAY!
AND I'LL PROVE IT!
I CAN'T STAY FOR THE BLOODSHED! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO PATROL A BEAT!
I MIGHT AS WELL BE A HERMIT, OR A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER..
..FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT I GET!
A SHOT! MAYBE I SPOKE TOO SOON!
BANG!


NO ANSWER!
KNOCK KNOCK
WELL, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY OF BREAKING INTO A HOUSE!
WHAT TH..!
LET'S STAY AND TALK THIS OVER!
WHAM!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE.. OOOF!
OHHHHH

WOW! WONDER HOW LONG I'VE BEEN LYING HERE!
AND LOOK AT THE COMPANY I'VE BEEN KEEPING! A DEAD MAN!
MEANWHILE..
HA. HA! YOU WALKED INTO MY TRAP, MONAHAN!
YOU POOR F'SH! I JUMP YOU HERE, AND..
THE PHONE'S RINGING!
R-RING
SUICIDE!.. I'LL BE RIGHT THERE BURLAND!
LET'S GO! THE CHECKER GAME CAN WAIT!
YOU'RE JUST LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO GET OUT OF A LOSING GAME!
DOORBELL'S RINGING! MC GINTY CERTAINLY DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTING HERE!

WHO ARE YOU?
I'M ARTHUR PENDLE! I'M JOSHUA MARTIN'S LAWYER.. AND THIS YOUNG MAN IS HIS SON!
WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO JOSHUA MARTIN, IF YOU PLEASE!
I'M SORRY.. BUT JOSHUA MARTIN IS DEAD!
HE KILLED HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN GUN!
BUT.. BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE'S HOLDING THE GUN IN HIS RIGHT HAND! AND JOSHUA MARTIN'S RIGHT ARM HAS BEEN PARALYZED FROM BIRTH!
ONE HOUR LATER..
YOU KILLED YOUR OWN FATHER! YOU KNEW HE WAS GOING TO CHANGE HIS WILL!.. SO YOU MURDERED HIM AND TRIED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!
NO!
WE'LL MAKE HIM TALK.. AT HEADQUARTERS! MIGHT AS WELL FINISH THAT CHECKER GAME WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE CORONER!
OKAY!
DAGNABBIT! LOOK AT THIS SILLY GAME! ALL THE PIECES ARE JUMBLED TOGETHER!
LET ME SEE THAT CHECKER-BOARD, SARGE!

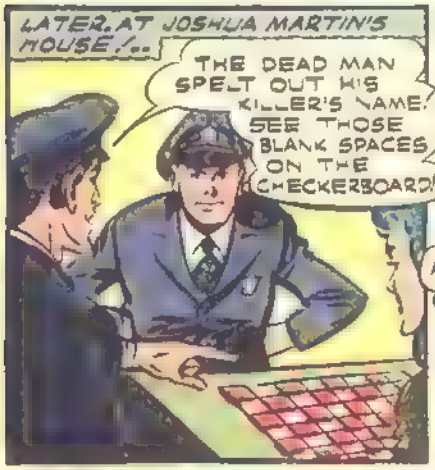
HMMM.. SO THIS IS THE GAME JOSHUA MARTIN WAS PLAYING JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED!
I'LL TAKE THIS TO HEADQUARTERS! CHECK ON FINGER-PRINTS!
FINGERPRINTS, PHOOEY! WE'VE ALREADY CAUGHT OUR MURDERER!
IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, KID BURLAND BECOMES THE BLACK HOOD..
I GUESS THAT'S BABS NOW!
KNOCK KNOCK
YOU SENT FOR ME, HOOD?
YES! I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME!
HAVE THE POLICE EXPERTS CHECK THIS STATUE FOR FINGERPRINTS!
IS THAT ALL?
IT'S IMPORTANT! IT'S PART OF A JIGSAW PUZZLE I'M PIECING TOGETHER.. THAT WILL CONVICT A MURDERER!
AND I'M GOING TO PICK UP THE OTHER PIECES RIGHT NOW!

THIS IS CERTAINLY GOING TO BE A TALL ORDER!
ONCE AGAIN THE BLACK HOOD PROVES HIS AMAZING AGILITY AS HE MOUNTS STEADILY UP THE SHEER BUILDING WALL...
THAT'S THE WINDOW!
HERE GOES NOTHING!
WOW!
R-R-RIP
I'LL BET THAT AWNING'S MADE OF ERSATZ MATERIAL!
NOW TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE... IF I CAN OPEN IT!

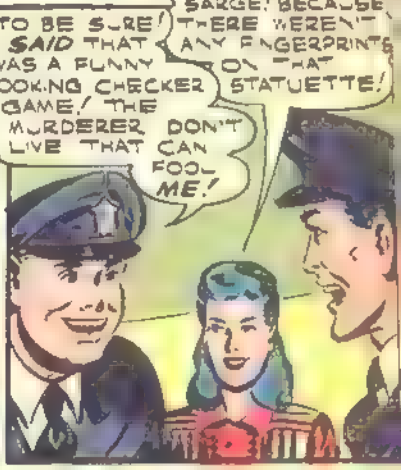
CRACKING SAFES MAY NOT BE FASHONABLE FOR A CRIME FIGHTER... BUT IT'S SURE A HANDY THING TO KNOW!
JOSHUA MARTIN'S WILL! THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!
OH-OH.. I'M ABOUT TO ENTERTAIN A VISITOR!
WHA-?
WELCOME TO YOUR LAW OFFICES, MR. PENDLE!
SO THE BLACK HOOD TURNS COMMON THIEF!
ONLY TO CATCH A MURDERER! YOU KILLED JOSHUA MARTIN!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
AND YOU PLANNED TO GET RID OF HIS SON BY GETTING HIM CONVICTED OF MURDER! SO YOU WOULD INHERIT JOSHUA MARTIN'S MONEY... AS PROVIDED IN HIS WILL!
YOU'RE GUESSING, HOOD! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!
YOUR FINGERPRINTS WILL CLINCH THE CASE! THEY'RE ON THE STATUETTE YOU USED, TO KNOCK OUT THE COP! BECAUSE HE FOUND YOU ON THE SCENE OF THE MURDER!

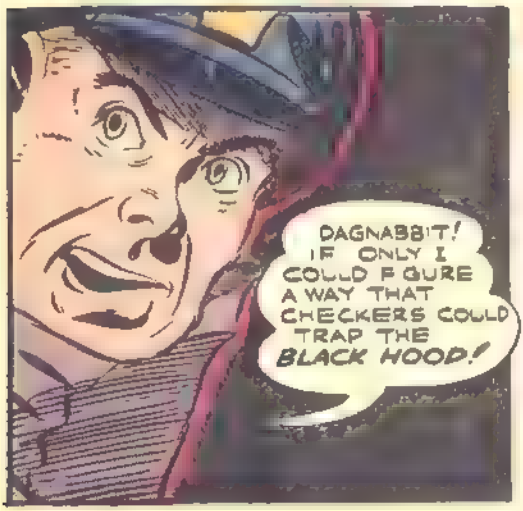
YOU DEVIL! I'LL KILL YOU TOO!
BANG

YOU'RE THROUGH KILLING!! PERMANENTLY!
WHAM!

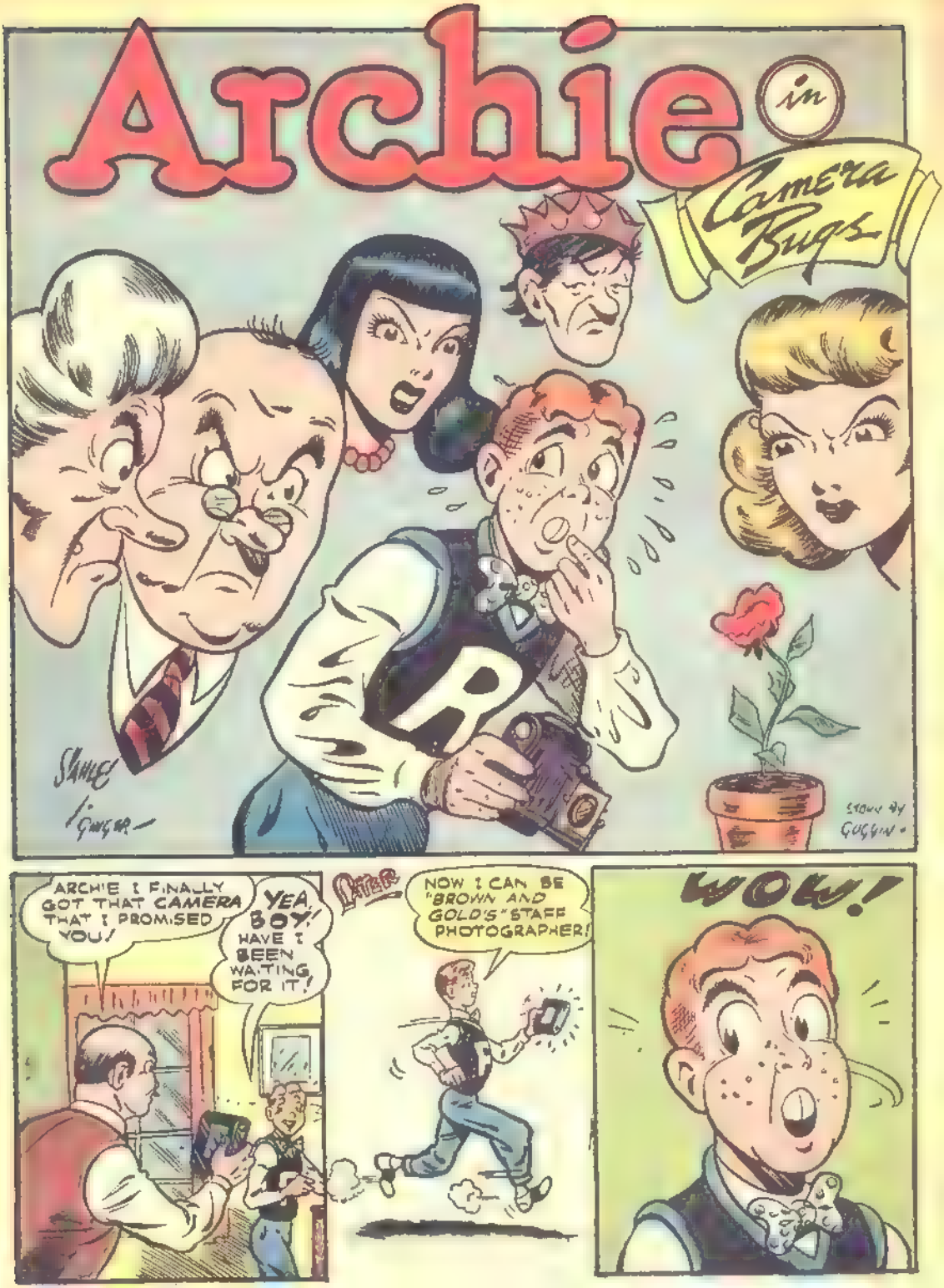

LATER, AT JOSHUA MARTIN'S HOUSE!..
THE DEAD MAN SPELT OUT HIS KILLER'S NAME! SEE THOSE BLANK SPACES ON THE CHECKERBOARD!

ALL THE SPACES ARE NUMBERED! JOSHUA MARTIN LEFT OUT THOSE SPACES WHOSE NUMBERS WERE THE SAME AS LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET!!!

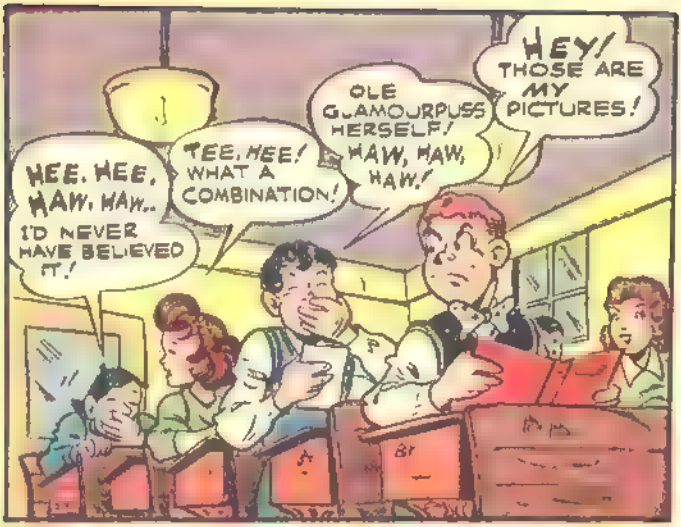

TO BE SURE! I SAID THAT WAS A FUNNY LOOKING CHECKER GAME! THE MURDERER DON'T LIVE THAT CAN FOOL ME!
LUCKY, YOU FIGURED IT OUT, SARGE! BECAUSE THERE WEREN'T ANY FINGERPRINTS ON THAT STATUETTE!


DAGNABBIT! IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE A WAY THAT CHECKERS COULD TRAP THE BLACK HOOD!

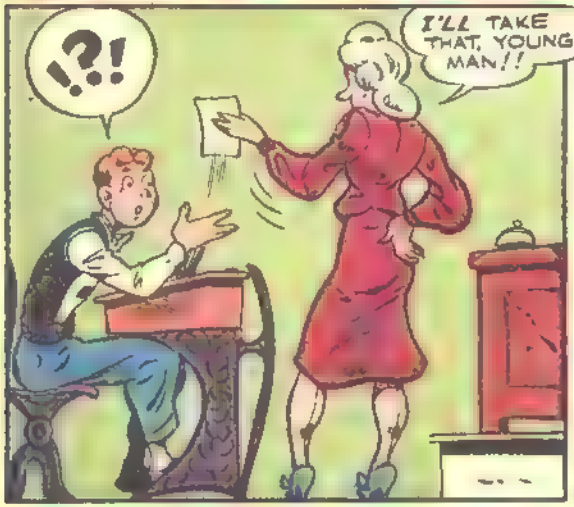
THAT'S ONE GAME I'D LIKE TO SEE! ONLY I'D HAVE TO BE THERE AS.. ER.. OFFICIAL KIBITZER!
END

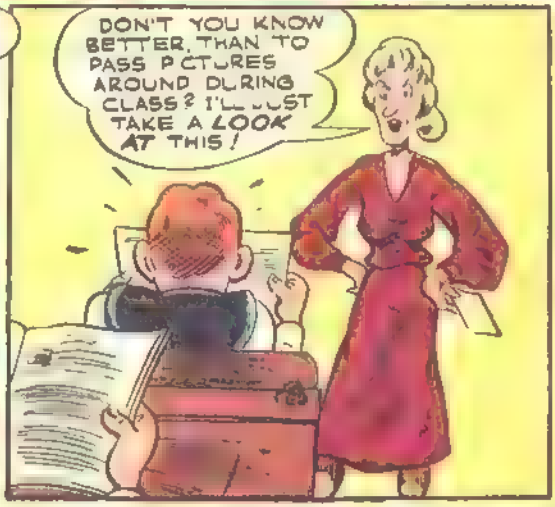

Archie in Camera Bugs
SHULER
GUSHIN
STORY BY GUSHIN
ARCHIE! FINALLY GOT THAT CAMERA THAT I PROMISED YOU!
YEA, BOY! HAVE I BEEN WAITING FOR IT!
LATER
NOW I CAN BE "BROWN AND GOLD'S" STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER!
WOW!

WOW! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN ARCHIE!
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR DAILY WAR STAMP ? DO IT NOW!
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD.. I'LL CALL T. SNAPPING THE SNAPPER'! ONE.. TWO...
..THREE!
ARCHIE ANDREWS! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? GET INTO THE CLASS IMMEDIATELY!
CLICK
SAY.. KAPPY.. WILL YA DEVELOP THESE FOR ME.. GOTTA GO T' CLASS NOW!
OKAY, ARCH! I'LL SLIP 'EM THROUGH THE REAR DOOR!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER..
HOW WELL I REMEMBER SHAKESPEARE'S WORDS!
BOY! I DIDN'T THINK GRUNDY WAS THAT OLD!
PSST! JUGHEAD! PASS THESE TO ARCHIE, WILL YA?
YEAH.. HE'S BEEN WAITIN' FOR 'EM!
2

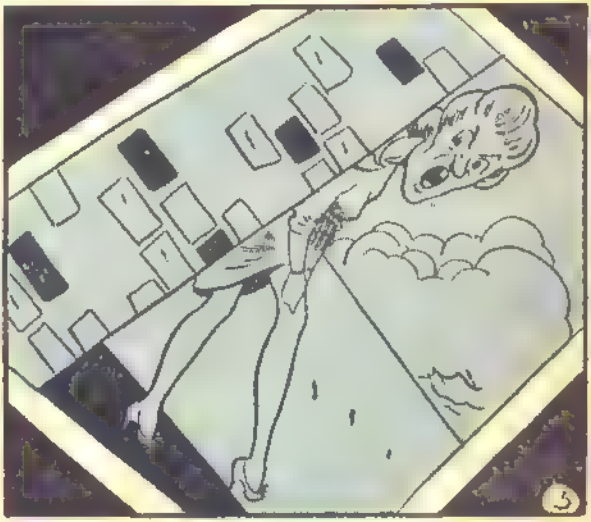

HEE. HEE, HAW. HAW.. I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!
TEE. HEE! WHAT A COMBINATION!
OLE GLAMOURPUSS HERSELF! HAW, HAW, HAW!
HEY! THOSE ARE MY PICTURES!

C'MON, WISE GUY, GIVE 'EM TO ME BEFORE I....


!?!
I'LL TAKE THAT, YOUNG MAN!!


DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER, THAN TO PASS PICTURES AROUND DURING CLASS? I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

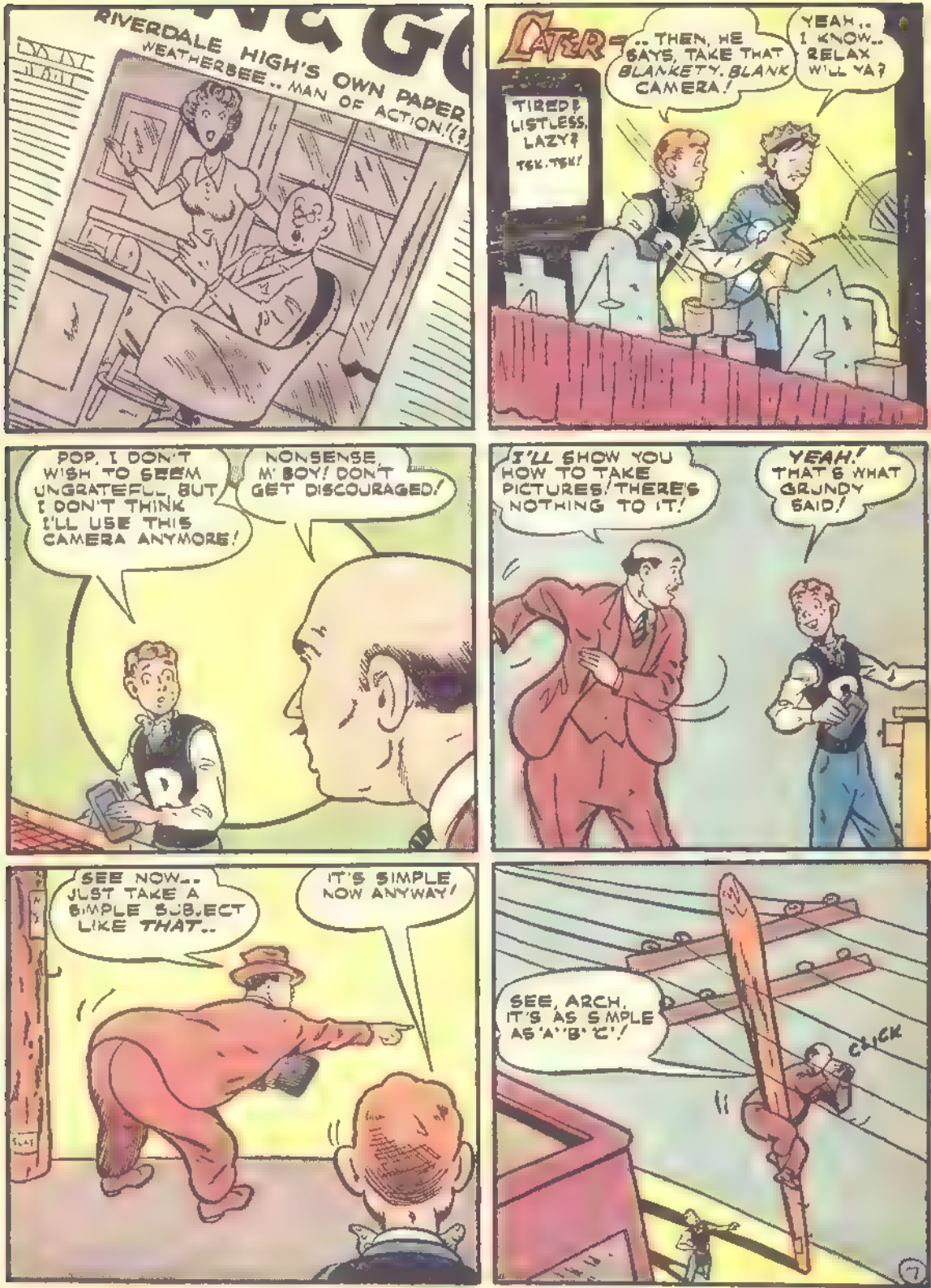
EEK



B-BUT.. BUT.. MISS GRUNDY!
YOU COME WITH ME, YOU YOUNG WHIPPERSNAP!
BUT IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT, HONEST!
ACCIDENT! NONSENSE!!!
ANY FOOL CAN OPERATE A SIMPLE LITTLE CAMERA.. NOW, WATCH ME--
NOW, THERE'S A PICTURE THAT HAS MEANING, AND WORTH TAKING!
SEE.. IT'S ALL IN THE STANCE..
THERE! I'VE GOT IT!
CLICK
!
!

I'VE JUST TAKEN YOUR PICTURE FOR THE 'BROWN AND GOLD', MR. WEATHERBEE!
YOU DID! I MEAN... THAT'S FINE!
MISS POMKINS RUSH THIS FILM TO THE EDITOR OF OUR PAPER IMMEDIATELY!
YES, SIR, MR. WEATHERBEE.
HELLO, MR. WEATHERBEE? THIS IS THE EDITOR OF B.E.G.— ARE YOU POSITIVE YOU WANT THIS PICTURE PRINTED IN THAT PAPER?
the BROWN & GOLD
RIVERDALE HIGH'S OWN NEWSPAPER
PHOTO
EDITOR
DO I WANT THAT PICTURE TO GO IN?? OF COURSE, ON PAGE ONE!
IT WILL HELP TO BOOST THE MORALE OF THE STUDENTS TO SEE HOW HARD THEIR PRINCIPAL WORKS!
WHY SO GLUM, ARCHIE?
AW... EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN TO ME...
the Very NEXT DAY
GIT YER 'BROWN AND GOLD' READ ALL ABOUT IT!
GOOD MORNING MISS POMKINS, ANY MESSAGES?
YES! THE SCHOOL BOARD WISHES TO SEE YOU!

HELLO, YES! THIS IS WEATHERBEE!
WELL! YOU CERTAINLY TAKING THIS MATTER VERY LIGHTLY! WE'RE HAVING A SPECIAL MEETING ABOUT YOU RIGHT NOW!
GULP! WHAT'D I DO NOW?
GULP!
MAYBE THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT TICKET I BOUGHT FOR THE RAFFLE!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THAT OLD LOTHARIO?
PRINCIPAL
YOU...YOU OLD REPRO BATE! I'M TAKING MY DAUGHTER OUT OF THIS SCHOOL AT ONCE!
BUT. BUT! PLEASE-- WHAT'D I DO?
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW! LOOK AT THIS!!
OWN & GOLD
AWK
BROWN & GOLD


RIVERDALE HIGH'S OWN PAPER
WEATHERBEE .. MAN OF ACTION!(?)
LATER--
.. THEN, HE SAYS, TAKE THAT BLANKETY. BLANK CAMERA!
YEAH.. I KNOW.. RELAX WILL YA?
TIRED? LISTLESS, LAZY? TSK. TSK!
POP, I DON'T WISH TO SEEM UNGRATEFUL, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL USE THIS CAMERA ANYMORE!
NONSENSE, M' BOY! DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TAKE PICTURES! THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!
YEAH! THAT'S WHAT GRUNDY SAID!
SEE NOW.. JUST TAKE A SIMPLE SUBJECT LIKE THAT..
IT'S SIMPLE NOW ANYWAY!
SEE, ARCH, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS 'A' 'B' 'C'!
CLICK
7

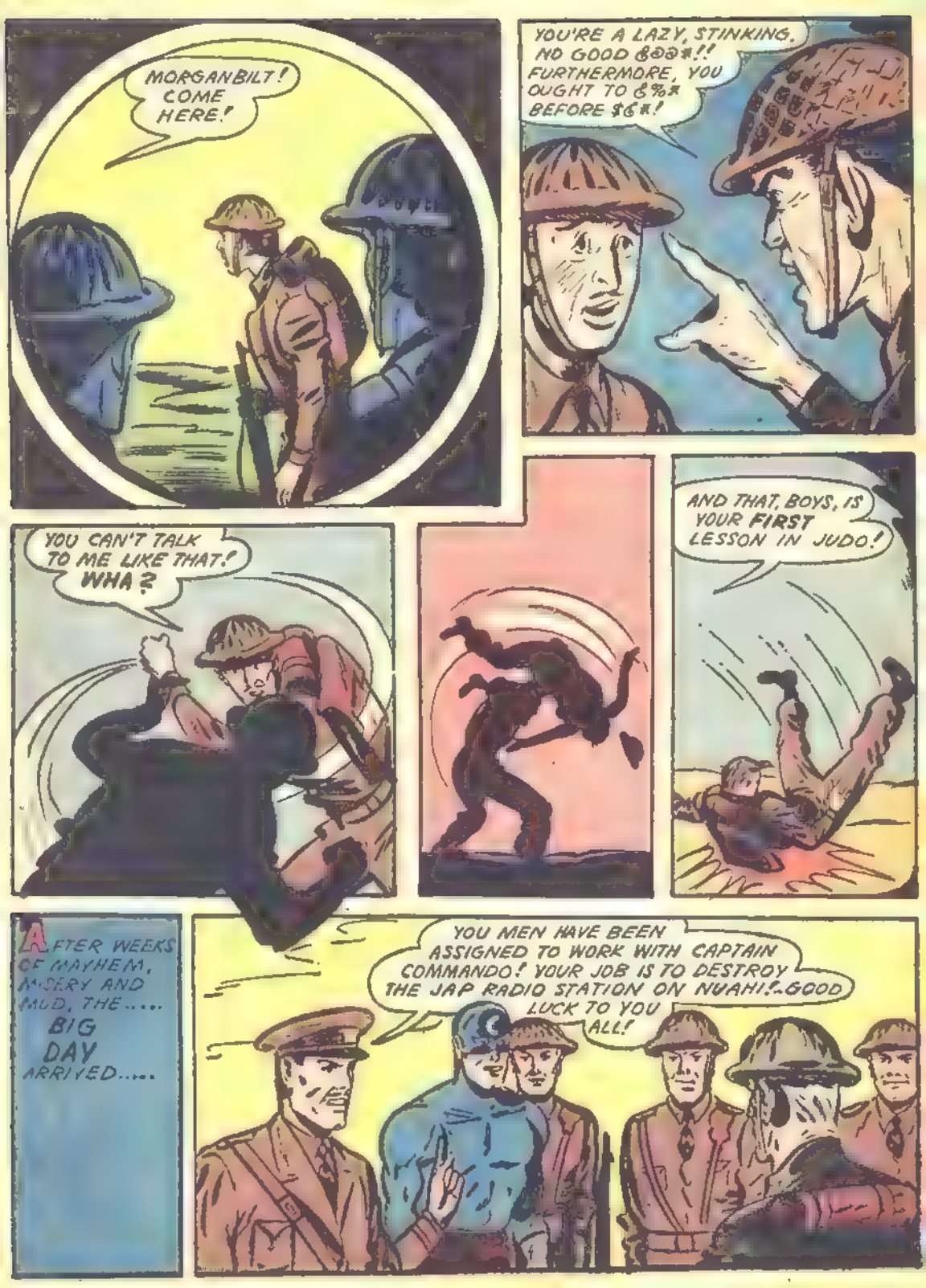
I'LL HAVE THE CLERK DEVELOP THIS IN A FEW MINUTES!
ONE HOUR LATER
HMM... THAT'S MC GEE, THE BUTCHER! WHAT'S HE RAVING ABOUT?
JUST WAIT TILL I SEE HIM!
OH... THERE YOU ARE, ANDREWS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS PICTURE? TRYING TO RUIN MY BUSINESS?
WE KILL RATS-MICE-COCKROACHES
McGee's MEAT MARKET
SEE Mr GEE for QUALITY MEATS
IF YOU EVER TRY A THING LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL SUE.. SO HELP ME, I'LL SUE!
C'MON ARCH! LET'S DROP IN ON SAM THE CAMERA MAN!
SAM'S
CAMERAS
BOUGHT SOL
EXCHANGED

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
Special Communique #14
THIS IS A VERY SAD REPORT! A VERY SAD REPORT INDEED! IT CONCERNS THE SHATTERING OF A COMMANDO'S DREAM!— ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S PIPE TO BE DREAM— EXACT!
BY CLEM

MORNING IN THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF ALASTAIR MORGANBILT-
WHERE IS THAT VALET?
DID YOU RING, SIR?
CONFOUND IT! WHERE IS HARRY, MY VALET? DOES HE EXPECT ME TO DRESS MYSELF?
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR! HARRY WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY THIS MORNING!
VERY INCONSIDERATE OF HIM, I MUST SAY!
I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT FEND FOR MYSELF. WHERE IN !&?%* IS MY CUFFLINK?
IF THIS WAR KEEPS, THE SERVANT PROBLEM WILL BE APPALLING! GENTLEMEN SHOULD NOT BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH INDIGNITIES!
YOU'LL WANT TO READ THIS LETTER YOURSELF!
THE BUTLER TAKES CARE OF THE MAIL, MY GOOD MAN!
IMPERTINENT FELLOW! I'LL REPORT HIM TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!. WHA-WHAT'S THIS? I'M DRAFTED!
INDUCTION NOTICE
UNITED STATES OF A
GREETINGS — YOU AR
HEREBY NOTIFIED TO
AT YOUR LOCAL DRA
ON TWENTY DAYS

EMILY! COME QUICK! MR MORGANBILT HAS FAINTED!
LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE FOR THE FAR-FAMED COMMANDOS
COMMANDO RECRUITING
FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR OUTFIT! YOU ARE ER NOT THE TYPE OF MAN WE USUALLY TAKE ON!
ANYONE CAN JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY! BUT A GENTLEMAN MUST PLAY A ROLE ADAPTED TO HIS STATION IN LIFE! SOMETHING THAT HAS A LITTLE MORE GLAMOR!
SO YOU THINK THE COMMANDOS ARE 'GLAMOROUS'?
ACCEPTED
MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I WON'T BE THERE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU!
I APPRECIATE YOUR YOUR INTEREST, OLD FELLOW!
AND SO ALASTAIR MORGANBILT WENT TO WAR! HE SUFFERED THROUGH ARDUOUS WEEKS OF BASIC TRAINING AND (BECAUSE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO COMMANDO DUTY) HE WAS SHIPPED QUICKLY OVERSEAS! THERE, ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, HIS EDUCATION BEGAN.
DOWN ON YOUR BELLIES!

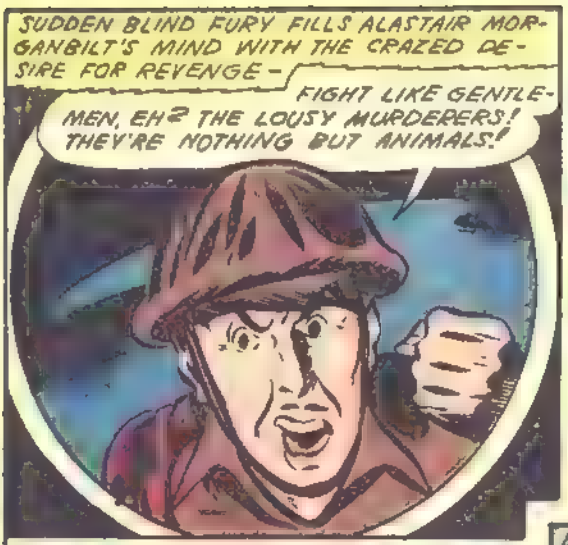
BUT-BUT IT'S MUDDY, SERGEANT!
AIN'T THAT A CRYIN' SHAME?
YOU DON'T WANTS TA GET YOUR NICE LITTLE UNIFORM ALL DIRTY, DO YOU?
WELL THAT'S TOO !&?@@ BAD! I'LL MAKE YOU EAT MUD AN' LIKE IT!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! THEY'RE STRAFING!
I WON'T STAND FOR THIS! I'LL... WHAT TH !
DIG IN, BOY! THAT MUD'S BETTER THAN BULLETS!
NOW YOU'LL GET YOUR JUDO LESSON! JUDO IS THE SAME THING AS JIU-JITSU--ONLY IT'S NASTIER, ROUGHER, AND DIRTIER!


MORGANBILT! COME HERE!
YOU'RE A LAZY, STINKING, NO GOOD &@@*!! FURTHERMORE, YOU OUGHT TO &%* BEFORE $&*!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! WHA?
AND THAT, BOYS, IS YOUR FIRST LESSON IN JUDO!
AFTER WEEKS OF MAYHEM, MISERY AND MUD, THE..... BIG DAY ARRIVED.....
YOU MEN HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO WORK WITH CAPTAIN COMMANDO! YOUR JOB IS TO DESTROY THE JAP RADIO STATION ON NUAHI!..GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL!

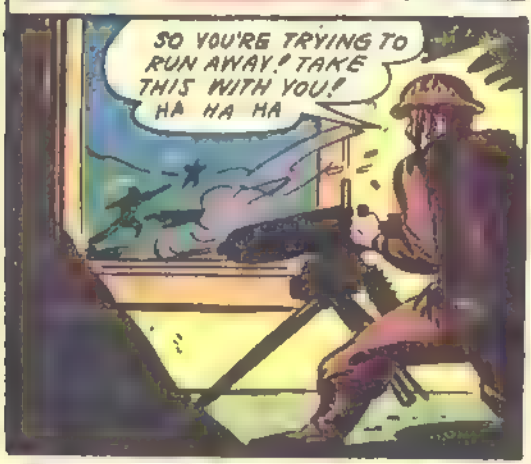
THAT NIGHT A LANDING BARGE APPROACHES THE NUAHI SHORE
PASS THE COAL BLACK! TELL THE MEN TO SMEAR IT ON THICK!
GIVE YOURSELF A DINGE TINGE, FELLA!
NO, THANK YOU!
I DON'T SEE THE NEED FOR MAKING UP LIKE A BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN!
OKAY, GANG!
YOU'RE GONNA LOOK REAL PRETTY!
HELP! LET ME GO!
MAMMY
COME ON, MEN DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

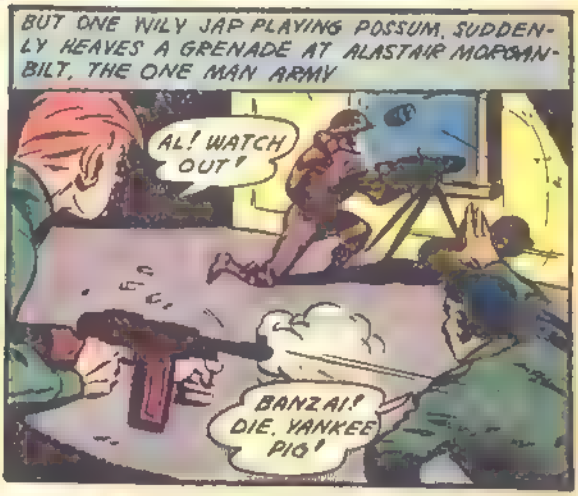
STEALTHY AS INDIANS ON THE TRAIL, THE COMMANDOS WORK THEIR WAY UP THE BEACH.
THERE'S THE RADIO STATION! KEEP DOWN- AND WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET CLOSE BEFORE THEY SPOT US!
WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?
IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T GENTLE-MANLY TO SNEAK AROUND LIKE THIS!
WHY DON'T YOU WAVE AN AMERICAN FLAG AND GO GALLOPING UP ON HORSE-BACK? THIS ISN'T LIKE THE STORY BOOKS, BUB! THIS IS WAR!
BUT WE CAN FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN! AND I'LL DO IT!
FOLLOW ME! TO VICTORY OR DEATH!
DID THAT SCREWBALL BLOW HIS TOP!
NO MATTER! THE JAPS SEE US! LET'S GO!

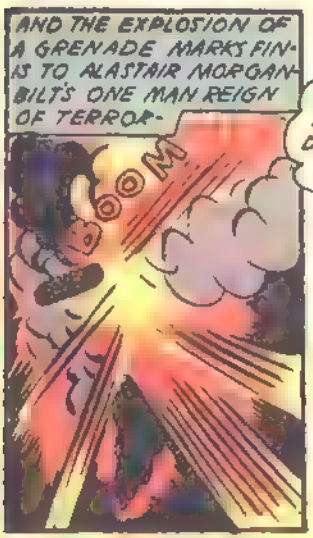
ALL HOPE OF SURPRISE GONE, THE COMMANDOS CHARGE DESPERATELY UP THE HILL IN THE FACE OF MURDEROUS FIRE-
YOU'RE HIT!
FIGHTING SAVAGELY, THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE HOUSE-
CRASH
OHH!
IT'S MY FAULT! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LED THE CHARGE!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GIVE THE $%@!@ JAPS ONE FOR ME!
BUT NO SOONER IS THE WOUNDED COMMANDO LEFT ALONE--
DIE, AMERICAN DOG!
WHY YOU DIRTY.
AAAAA
BANG BANG


SUDDEN BLIND FURY FILLS ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S MIND WITH THE CRAZED DESIRE FOR REVENGE -
FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN, EH? THE LOUSY MURDERERS! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS!

AND THEY'LL DIE LIKE ANIMALS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
AIEEE!


SO YOU'RE TRYING TO RUN AWAY! TAKE THIS WITH YOU! HA HA HA


BUT ONE WILY JAP PLAYING POSSUM, SUDDENLY HEAVES A GRENADE AT ALASTAIR MORGANBILT, THE ONE MAN ARMY
AL! WATCH OUT!
BANZAI! DIE, YANKEE PIG!


AND THE EXPLOSION OF A GRENADE MARKS FINIS TO ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S ONE MAN REIGN OF TERROR-
BOOM

BUT AFTER THE FIGHTING IS OVER.
DE JAPS WON'T BE TUNIN' IN ON DIS WAVELENGTH NO MORE!
THANKS TO THE COMMANDO WHO MANNED THAT MACHINE GUN! HE TURNED THE TIDE OF THIS BATTLE!

AND I ALWAYS T'OUGHT HE WAS TOO FANCY TO BE IN ANY GOOD FIGHT!
HE LIVED A GENTLEMAN! BUT HE DIED A FIGHTING MAN! THAT'S A TITLE ANY MAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!
END

MONEY

FOR LETTERS OR POSTCARDS TELLING US WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN *PEP COMICS!*

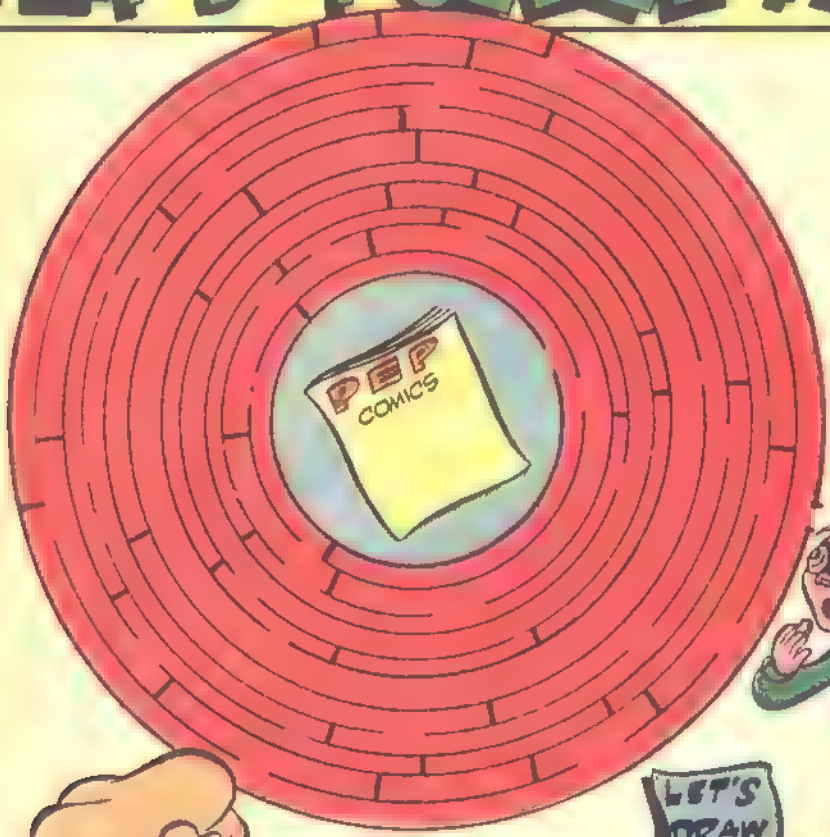
EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!

THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF *PEP COMICS*, ***FREE!*** EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO WRITES A LETTER OR POSTCARD AND WHOSE NAME APPEARS IN *PEP COMICS* WILL RECEIVE A ***WAR STAMP!***

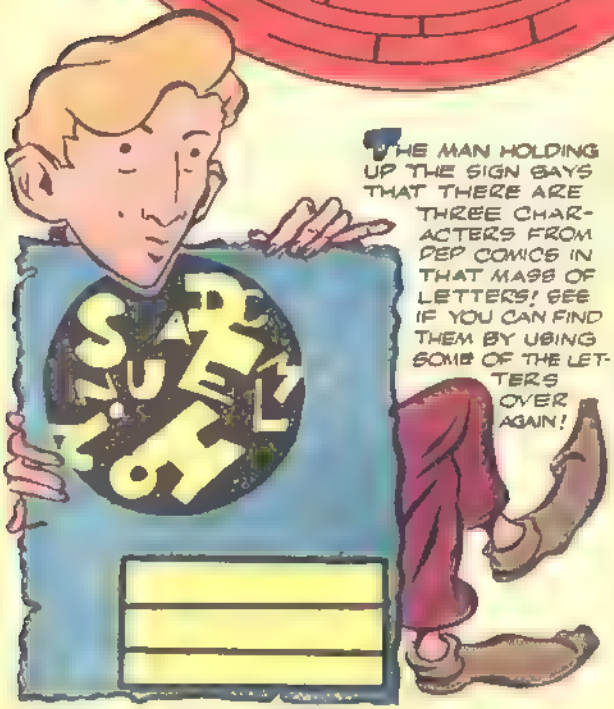
START WRITING NOW..AND LOOK FOR YOUR NAME! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO *PEP COMICS*, 241 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY!

Li'l Chief Bugs
HIYA GANG! DON'T FORGET TO LOOK FOR FIDO 'N' ME IN JOLLY JINGLES NO. 13.
WILL APPEAR IN JOLLY JINGLES COMICS HERE AFTER!

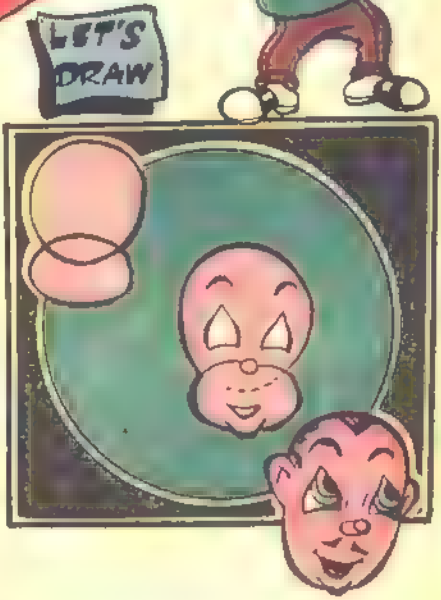
PEP'S PUZZLE PAGE



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, HERE, WAS PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS! HIS TASK WAS TO GET THE COPY OF PEP COMICS IN THE MAZE! DOES HE GET IT?



THE MAN HOLDING UP THE SIGN SAYS THAT THERE ARE THREE CHARACTERS FROM PEP COMICS IN THAT MASS OF LETTERS! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM BY USING SOME OF THE LETTERS OVER AGAIN!



I SEE THE THRILLS OF A LIFETIME IN STORE FOR YOU. THE SENSATIONAL NEW COMIC MAGAZINE BLACK HOOD COMICS IS NOW ON SALE. YOU FACE A VERY DARK FUTURE IF YOU DON'T HURRY AND GET YOUR COPY BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE!
BLACK HOOD
10¢ COMICS
MLJ

THE HICK COP

by Leo Hoban

THE body lay sprawled in the curious flatness of death near the huge mahogany desk in the spacious library. The .38 caliber revolver was clutched in rigid fingers in the right hand. The hole in the right temple was precise and ringed with an uncertain and wavering circle of brownish-black cordite.

"Yep," Matt Scott drawled, "'pears it's suicide alright. But it's downright strange that old man Urlap should take his own life. There's no reason for it, seems to me. He had money—plenty of it—a nice daughter and son, an' always seemed to be chipper and happy. Yessir, it's downright strange."

"Begging your pardon, sir," the butler said, "but Mr. Urlap had been very despondent of late. Something had been troubling him."

"Like what?" Scott's bushy eyebrows arched and his faded blue eyes were steady and inquisitive. Bundled in his dripping raincoat he looked like a huge and friendly mastiff. He was the one-man police force of the mountainous village of Greentree, the county seat three miles distance in the valley below.

"I'm not sure just what the trouble was, sir," the butler went on, "but Mr. Urlap wasn't himself ever since his daughter announced her engagement to that polo player, Mr. Yoder."

"Is that so?" Scott drawled. "That's interesting. When was this Mr. Yoder up here?"

"Not for two weeks, sir, when the engagement party was held in the garden."

Sheriff Scott looked through the drenched windows of the library out into the garden. When lightning flashed and thunder rumbled the white glory of the Eucalyptus tree in the far corner showed briefly. It was the only such tree within hundreds of miles and had been the dead man's prize possession in his strange garden. Collecting strange species of exotic plants had been Urlap's hobby and his garden his pride.

"He didn't like this Mr. Yoder?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"He was civil to him, but I'm certain that he did not approve of him as a future son-in-law."

"Just why do you think that?"

"Well," the butler said hesitantly, "you could tell the way that he looked at him and he was rather aloof, too, and—"

"And what?"

"Well. . . . Mr. Urlap recently has received a great deal of mail from a detective agency. I'm sure that he was trying to check up on Mr. Yoder."

"You seem damned sure of a lot of things," Scott grunted. "Where are these letters?"

The butler's eyes wavered. "He—he destroyed them."

Sheriff Scott's mouth went tight.

"You hear the shot?"

"No sir. I left Mr. Urlap in here about three hours ago. I found him—like this—when I brought him his evening scotch and soda. Then I called you."

"How about his dinner? It's away past dinner time."

"We were having dinner late. Miss Urlap and her brother and his fiancee and Mr. Yoder were to come to dinner. I believe the storm has delayed them. They should have been here some time ago."

"Didn't they phone that they would be late?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Yoder phoned from Bennett about an hour ago."

"An hour ago! Why didn't you inform Mr. Urlap of this. You would have discovered his body sooner if you had."

"Mr. Urlap had left orders not to be disturbed until scotch and soda time," the butler said austerely. "I always obey instructions."

Scott knew futility again. This butler . . . everything so damned pat. He would have liked to smack the guy around. But only city cops can get away with that.

"Could anyone get into this place without you knowing it?"

"No-o," the butler said hesitantly, "unless—" he jerked his right thumb— "unless they came over the garden wall. And that's unlikely."

During the intermittent lightning flashes Scott studied the sheer high wall and guessed its height at about twelve feet. Anyone topping that would have to have great agility and strength.

Scott tugged at his stubbled chin. "There's something about this that don't smell right, but it's beyond me. I guess I will have to call 'em." He started toward the telephone on the desk.

The ringing of the front doorbell stopped him in midstride. Its echoes rang hollowly through the huge house.

The butler looked questioningly at Scott.

"Bring them into the sitting room," Scott instructed. He looked again at the telephone, paused, then turned his back to it, crossed the library and closed the door behind him.

He was standing spraddle-legged, his wise eyes veiled when the four young people entered the room. He knew the two Urlaps, but the other girl and Yoder were strangers to him

Yoder was a six-footer, flint-eyed, and walked with the muscular grace of an animal. His eyes met Scott's and his natty mustache became a tight line above his tight mouth.

"Why—Sheriff Scott—how nice of you to come," Patricia Urlap began, then stopped abruptly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Please sit down," Scott said. He turned to the butler. "You too."

Patricia's face went pale, and her clenched hands trembled as she seated herself on the divan. Yoder took a position beside her and slid an arm about her shoulders.

Four pairs of eyes regarded the grizzled old sheriff quizzically. The butler sat primly at the edge of his chair.

"There has been an accident here—" Scott began.

Patricia turned to the butler. "You were instructed to watch father carefully, Moler," she accused the butler. "He wasn't well"

"Dammit, sis!" young Urlap said, "I told you we should have gotten a nurse and not left father with this leech."

Patricia had her hand pressed to her mouth. Her voice came in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Father is dead?"

Scott shifted his feet uncomfortably.

The butler coughed politely and said: "Very sad, miss. He took his own life—a suicide."

"No he didn't," Scott said flatly, "he was murdered!"

Yoder spun on his heel to face the butler.. "You damned murderer!" he shouted. "Patricia told me about you, how you were always chiseling on the old man, but he kept you on anyway—even liked you."

"He was my master—a good master!" the butler said simply.

"So good," Yoder derided, "that he left you twenty-five thousand dollars in his will. You knew Patricia and I were coming here to live after our marriage. Then you wouldn't have been alone with him—had a chance to murder him and collect. So you took this last opportunity knowing you were safe from witnessing eyes because we were delayed by the storm.

"That makes quite a case against him," Scott says. "Might hold water. City cops I guess, would hold him—but I'm not goin' to."

"What!"

"Nope," Scott drawled, "but I'm taking the murderer in. I understand you called from Bennett, Mr. Yoder, to tell that the party would be late?"

"Why—why, yes," Yoder's voice was suddenly brittle, "just before I joined the party at Morrison. It was me that made them late, you see. Roads were in terrible condition."

"So's the bridge between Bennett and Morrison," Scott snapped. "Yup, it's in terrible condition. Fact is, it was washed out five hours ago."

"Why—why, perhaps I was mistaken from which town I made the call. It might have been—uh—"

"No—you're right—it doesn't matter," Sheriff Scott said harshly. "I'm taking you in for murder. I don't know what your reason was for killing the old man, but I got a hunch it was to make sure of your marriage and the fortune Patricia will inherit. The old man had found out something not very nice about you, and was ready to expose you. What it is doesn't interest me. The city cops and the D. A. will present it in court. They're good in tracing down such things. I ain't."

Some of the color returned to Yoder's face. "You old fogey, you'll hear about this. Why I'll slap a court suit on you that—"

"You won't be able, son. It's hard for a man who's going to die in the electric chair to do any suiting."

"What!" Yoder was suddenly stiff again and his head was cocked to one side as though he could hear the swift beating of the wings of doom.

"Yep," Scott lazed. "You're not supposed to have been up here for a couple of weeks, Yoder, yet the mud on the instep of your shoes is cluttered with the brown fallen needles of the Eucalyptus tree. And there's more of them sticking out of the cuffs of your trousers. Only an athlete could scale that wall and you did that tonight."

A small automatic seemingly jumped into Yoder's hand.

"All right, hicktown cop, you got me but neither you nor anyone else in this room will be alive to present such evidence. You're taking it first, hick!" The gun centered on Scott's breast. He steeled himself for the impact. The two women were screaming.

As though felled by an axe, Yoder suddenly pitched face forward. The fragments of a heavy vase was scattered about the floor. Blood oozed from a gash in the side of his head.

Scott retrieved the dropped gun and turned twinkling eyes on the butler.

"Is that any way to act—throwing vases at guests?"

"Sorry, sir," the butler said impassively. "I had to do it. Shall I call the city police now."

"Sure thing. I don't want this varmint around me."

MLJ LEADS the WAY
OTHER MAGAZINES!
AN MLJ PUBLICATION
GET YOUR COPY TODAY

DO YOU KNOW ? ? ?

BY ED COCCIN

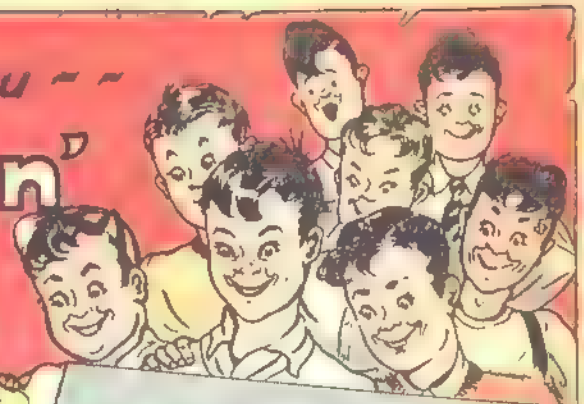
WE'RE TO PICK UP OUR MEN ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER - - - WHICH SIDE IS IT SIR ?
WHY, LIEUTENANT DON'T YOU KNOW ?
HOW WOULD YOU TELL THE LEFT BANK OF A RIVER FROM THE RIGHT ?

TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE HOW WOULD YOU DIVIDE SIX APPLES EQUALLY AMONG THEM WITHOUT CUTTING THEM INTO PIECES ? ? ?

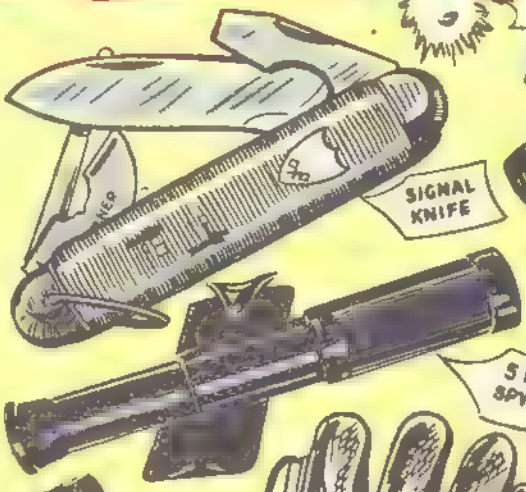
1. SHUT OFF YOUR ENGINES AND DRIFT - - FACE DIRECTION IN WHICH YOURE DRIFTING RIGHT BANK IS ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE 2. YOUD STILL HAVE SEVEN PIGS... FIVE LIVING AND TWO DEAD 3. YOU COULD MAKE APPLESAUCE AND CUTTING THIRTY SIX PEOPLE INTO PIECES WOULDN'T SAVE THEIR LIVES 4. CALABOOSE IS A JAIL - - - LITTLE HOUSE CAR ON END OF TRAIN IS A "CABOOSE"

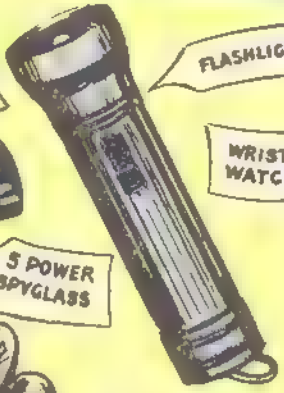
PRIZES for You - -

COME an' GET 'EM



- -and MONEY, too!





HERE it is fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want! Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular "he man" hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket. All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers. Send in the coupon and get started today.

First—fill out the coupon and mail it to me on a penny postcard—I'll start you at once and send you A FREE PRIZE BOOK. All you have to do to earn PRIZES AND A CASH INCOME is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. Send coupon today. If you don't want to clip coupon write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

SEND FOR FREE PRIZE BOOK

CLIP—COUPON—AND—MAIL—TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

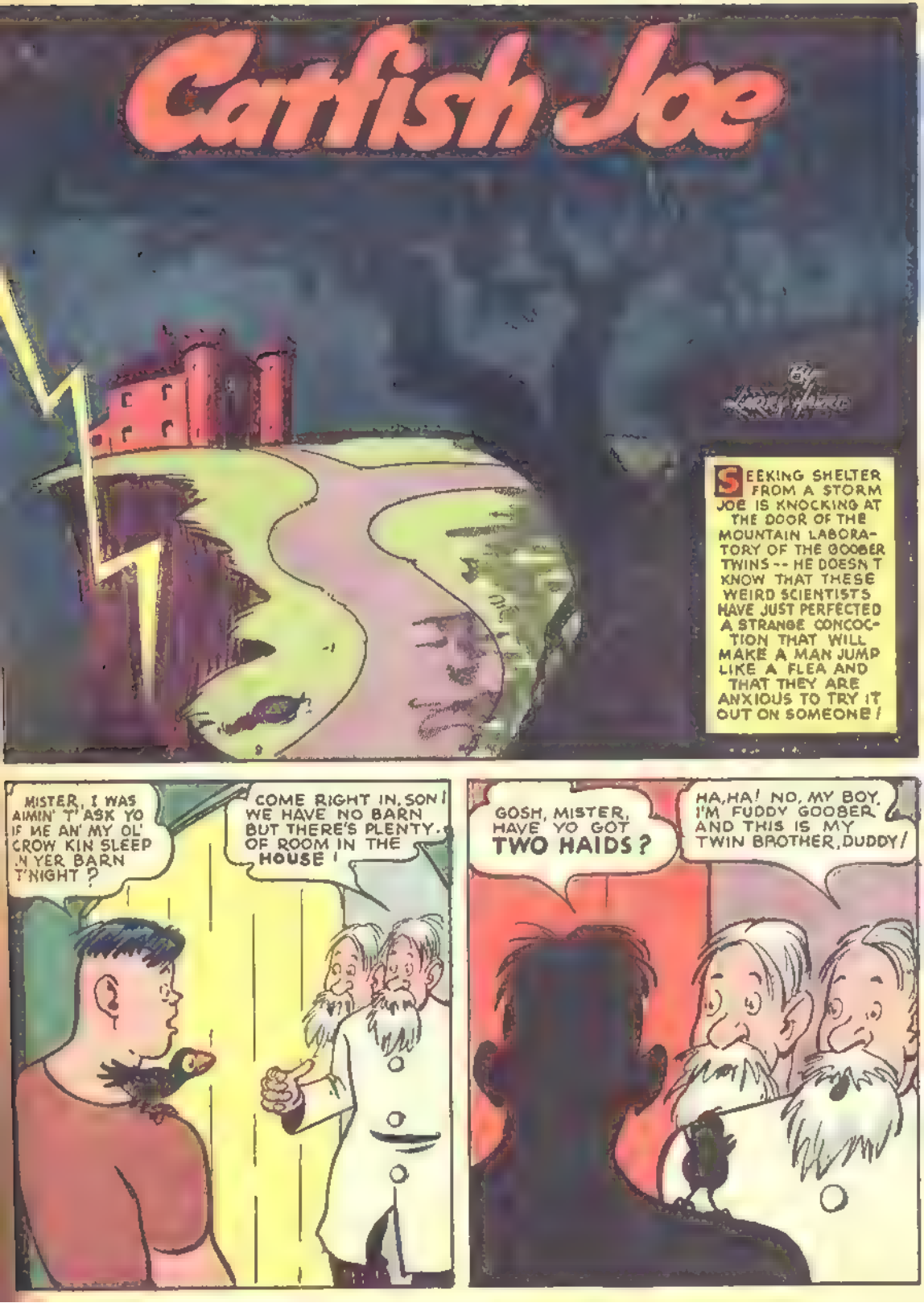
Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

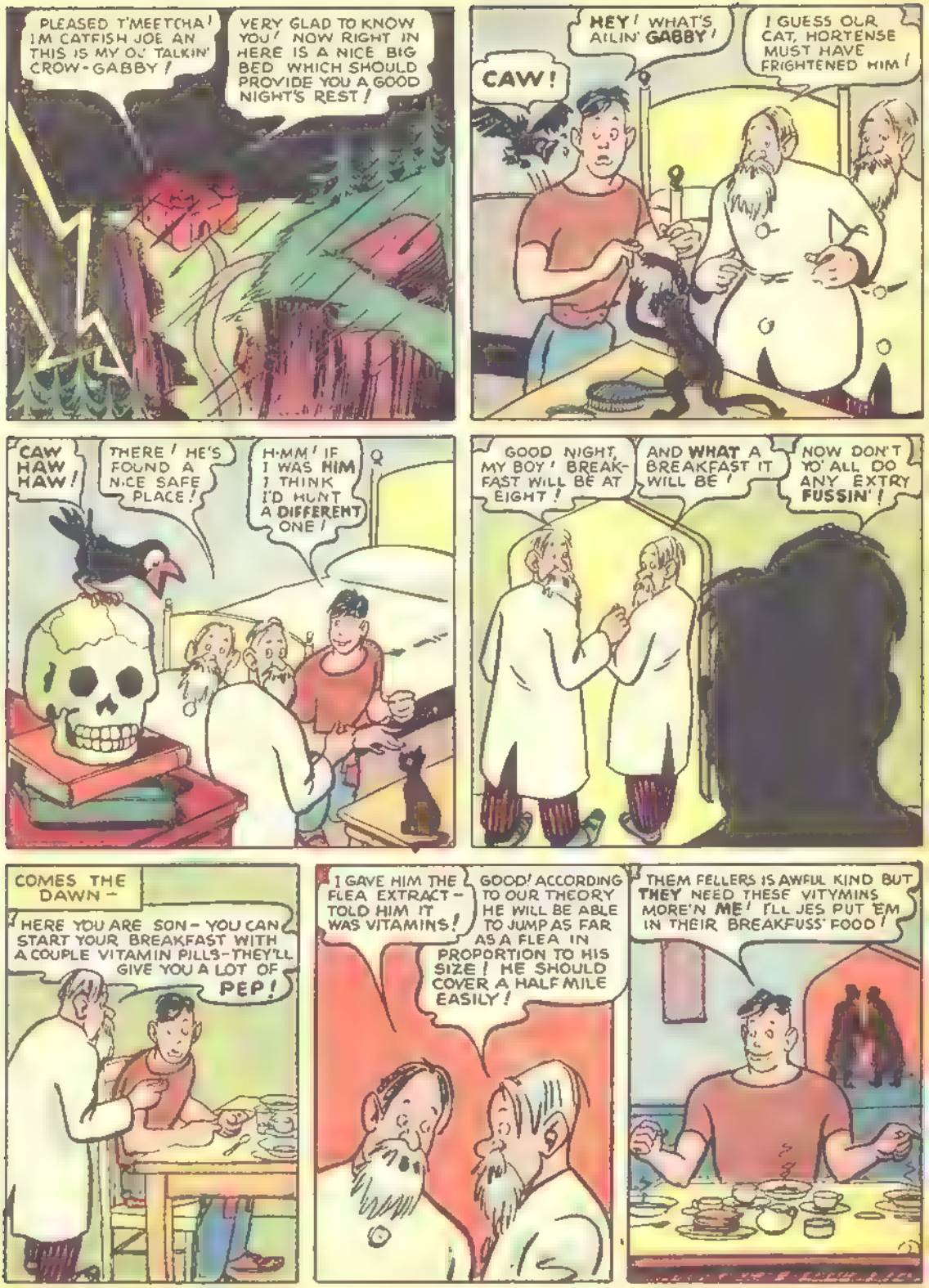
NAME _____ AGE _____

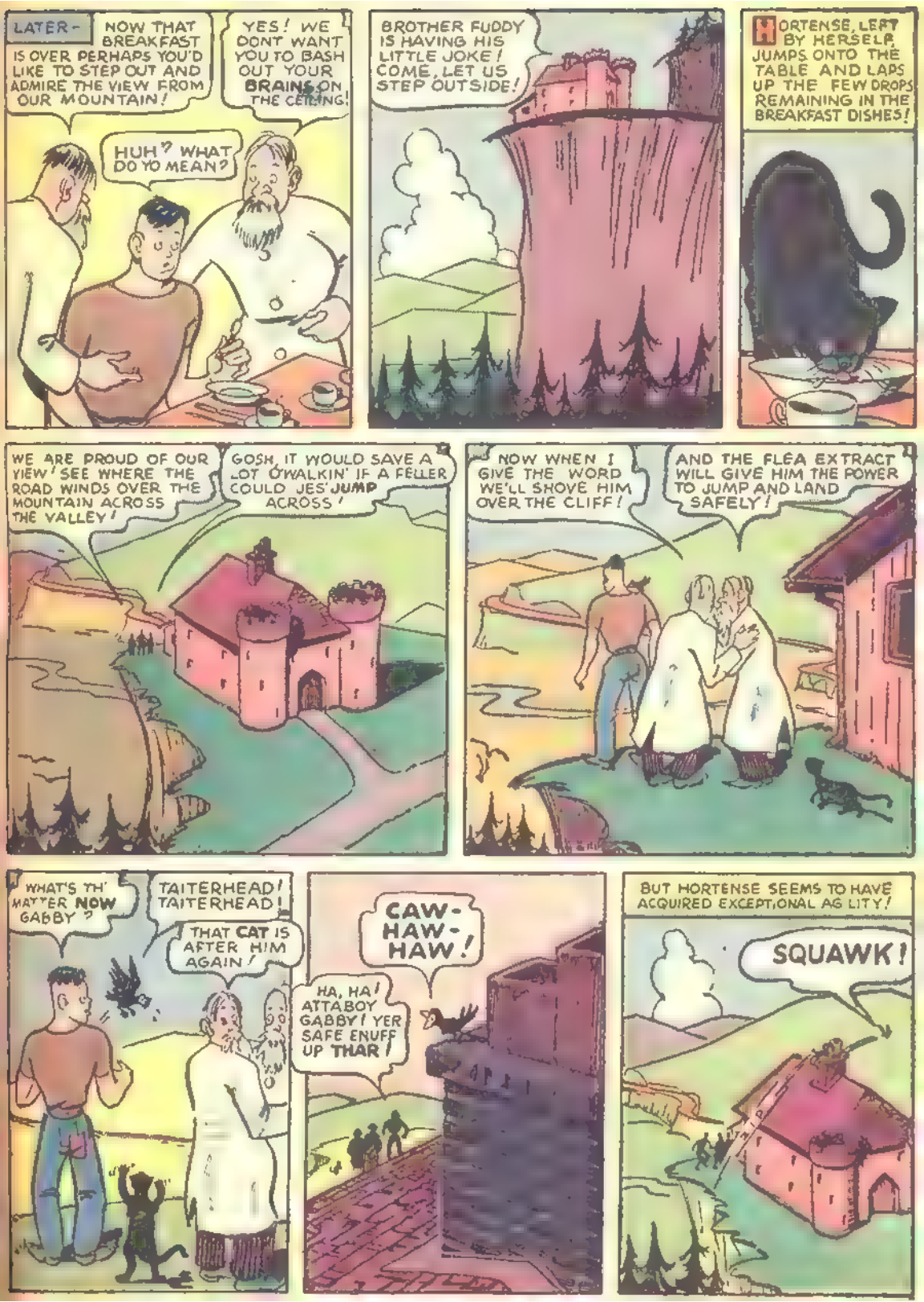
ADDRESS _____ (*)Postal Unit No. _____

(*) If your city is so divided

CITY _____ STATE _____

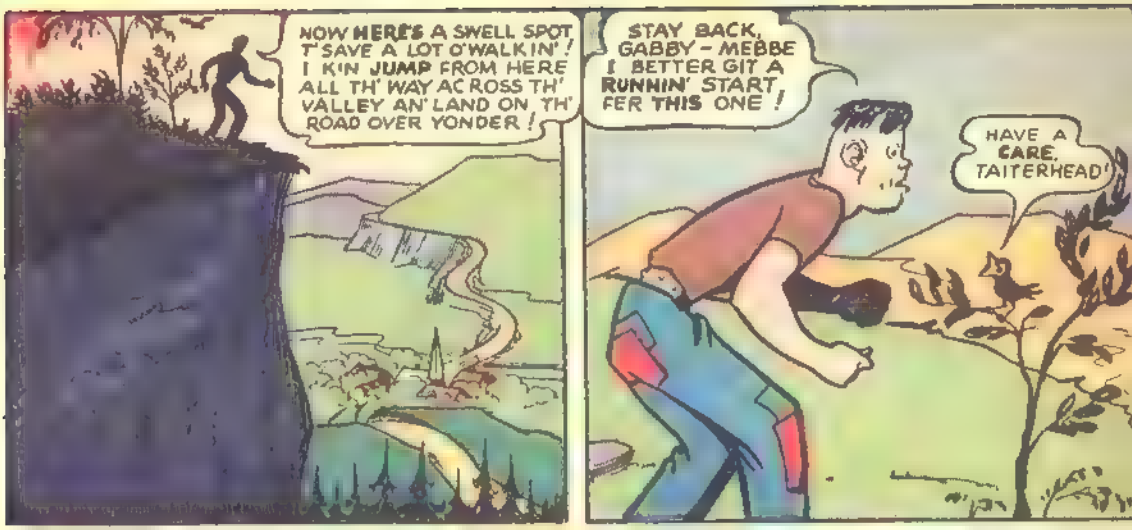

Catfish Joe
BY LARRY HAMA
SEEKING SHELTER FROM A STORM JOE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE GOOBER TWINS -- HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THESE WEIRD SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST PERFECTED A STRANGE CONCOCTION THAT WILL MAKE A MAN JUMP LIKE A FLEA AND THAT THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT OUT ON SOMEONE!
MISTER, I WAS AIMIN' T' ASK YO IF ME AN' MY OL' CROW KIN SLEEP IN YER BARN T'NIGHT?
COME RIGHT IN, SON! WE HAVE NO BARN BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE HOUSE!
GOSH, MISTER, HAVE YO GOT TWO HAIDS?
HA, HA! NO, MY BOY. I'M FUDDY GOOBER AND THIS IS MY TWIN BROTHER, DUDDY!


PLEASED T'MEETCHA! I'M CATFISH JOE AN THIS IS MY OL' TALKIN' CROW-GABBY!
VERY GLAD TO KNOW YOU! NOW RIGHT IN HERE IS A NICE BIG BED WHICH SHOULD PROVIDE YOU A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!
CAW!
HEY! WHAT'S AILIN' GABBY!
I GUESS OUR CAT, HORTENSE MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED HIM!
CAW HAW HAW!
THERE! HE'S FOUND A NICE SAFE PLACE!
H-MM! IF I WAS HIM I THINK I'D HUNT A DIFFERENT ONE!
GOOD NIGHT, MY BOY! BREAKFAST WILL BE AT EIGHT!
AND WHAT A BREAKFAST IT WILL BE!
NOW DON'T YO' ALL DO ANY EXTRY FUSSIN'!
COMES THE DAWN—
HERE YOU ARE SON—YOU CAN START YOUR BREAKFAST WITH A COUPLE VITAMIN PILLS—THEY'LL GIVE YOU A LOT OF PEP!
I GAVE HIM THE FLEA EXTRACT—TOLD HIM IT WAS VITAMINS!
GOOD! ACCORDING TO OUR THEORY HE WILL BE ABLE TO JUMP AS FAR AS A FLEA IN PROPORTION TO HIS SIZE! HE SHOULD COVER A HALF MILE EASILY!
THEM FELLERS IS AWFUL KIND BUT THEY NEED THESE VITYMINS MORE'N ME! I'LL JES PUT 'EM IN THEIR BREAKFUSS' FOOD!

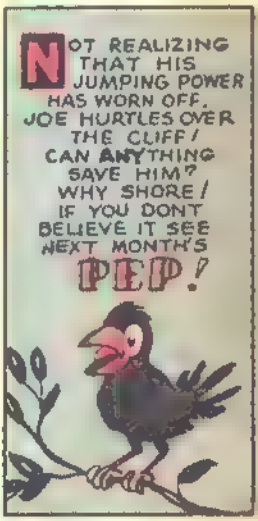

LATER -
NOW THAT BREAKFAST IS OVER PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO STEP OUT AND ADMIRE THE VIEW FROM OUR MOUNTAIN!
YES! WE DONT WANT YOU TO BASH OUT YOUR BRAINS ON THE CEILING!
HUH? WHAT DO YO MEAN?
BROTHER FUDDY IS HAVING HIS LITTLE JOKE! COME, LET US STEP OUTSIDE!
HORTENSE, LEFT BY HERSELF, JUMPS ONTO THE TABLE AND LAPS UP THE FEW DROPS REMAINING IN THE BREAKFAST DISHES!
WE ARE PROUD OF OUR VIEW! SEE WHERE THE ROAD WINDS OVER THE MOUNTAIN ACROSS THE VALLEY!
GOSH, IT WOULD SAVE A LOT O'WALKIN' IF A FELLER COULD JES' JUMP ACROSS!
NOW WHEN I GIVE THE WORD WE'LL SHOVE HIM OVER THE CLIFF!
AND THE FLEA EXTRACT WILL GIVE HIM THE POWER TO JUMP AND LAND SAFELY!
WHAT'S TH' MATTER NOW GABBY?
TAITERHEAD! TAITERHEAD!
THAT CAT IS AFTER HIM AGAIN!
CAW-HAW-HAW!
HA, HA! ATTABOY GABBY! YER SAFE ENUFF UP THAR!
BUT HORTENSE SEEMS TO HAVE ACQUIRED EXCEPTIONAL AGILITY!
SQUAWK!

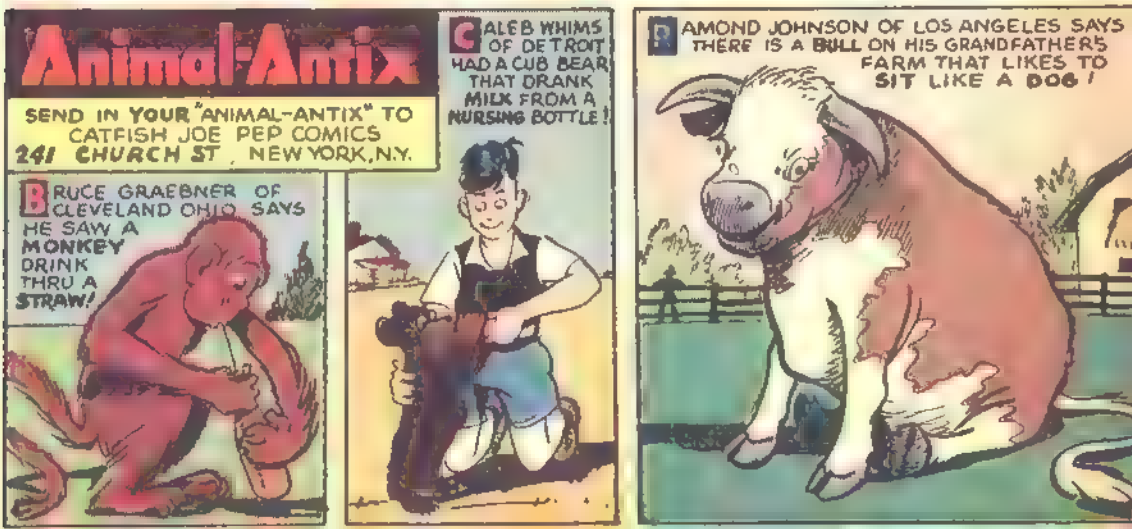
MY GOSH! DID YOU SEE THAT! SHE JUMPED CLEAR UP ON TOP OF THE HOUSE!
HEY! THAT AINT FAIR! CATS CAN'T DO THAT! LOOK OUT GABBY SHE'S A-CHEATIN'!
ZIP
BY GOLLIES! I AINT NEVER SEEN A CRITTER LIKE THAT!
AT THIS MOMENT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE SLAMS SHUT WITH A STARTLING BANG!
BAM!
ZIP
ZIP
HEH, HEH! THAT NOISE MADE ME JUMP!--- HEY! WHERE'D THEM FELLERS GO?
HERE WE ARE, SON, UP ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!
HA, HA! THIS DREAM SEEMS TH' MOST REAL OF ANY I EVER HAD!
ZIP
ZIP
PLOP

YOURE NOT DREAMING SON!
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THOSE VITAMIN PILLS WE GAVE YOU FOR BREAKFAST?
I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED EM MORE'N ME SO I PUT 'EM IN YORE OAT-MEAL!
GOSH! WAS IT THEM VITYMINS THAT MADE YO JUMP LIKE THAT?
YES-THAT WAS OUR LATEST DISCOVERY! WE WERE GOING TO LET YOU BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT!
OH BOY! IF I COULD JUMP LIKE THAT I'D BE BACK HOME IN MUDCAT IN NO TIME!
WELL, HERE YA A COUPLE OF THE PILLS!
GEE THANKS! THIS'LL SAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF WALKIN'!
HERE'S YOUR OLD CROW BACK! I WONDER WHERE HE LEFT OUR CAT?
NOW TAKE IT EASY AT FIRST, SON! THOSE PILLS ARE MIGHTY POWERFUL!
WHEE! YO'LL HAFTA STIR YORE FEATHERS GABBY IF YO WANNA KEEP UP WITH ME!
GOSH- I FORGOT TO WARN HIM THAT THE EFFECTS OF THE FLEA EXTRACT WILL WEAR OFF IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES!
NO MATTER- HE'LL FIND IT OUT! ALL THAT WILL HAPPEN IS THAT SUDDENLY HE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WALKING!
ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES LATER ---
GOSH, GABBY, WE'VE COVERED A LOT O' GROUND SINCE WE LEFT THEM GOOBER TWINS!


NOW HERE'S A SWELL SPOT T' SAVE A LOT O' WALKIN'! I KIN JUMP FROM HERE ALL TH' WAY ACROSS TH' VALLEY AN' LAND ON TH' ROAD OVER YONDER!
STAY BACK, GABBY - MEBBE I BETTER GIT A RUNNIN' START, FER THIS ONE!
HAVE A CARE, TAITERHEAD!

LOOK OUT GABBY! I'M RIGHT ON YER TAILFEATHERS!
CAWHAW!


NOT REALIZING THAT HIS JUMPING POWER HAS WORN OFF, JOE HURTLES OVER THE CLIFF! CAN ANYTHING SAVE HIM? WHY SHORE! IF YOU DONT BELIEVE IT SEE NEXT MONTH'S PEP!

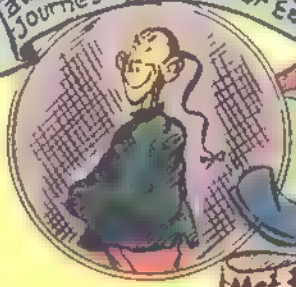

Animal-Antix
SEND IN YOUR "ANIMAL-ANTIX" TO CATFISH JOE PEP COMICS 241 CHURCH ST, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BRUCE GRAEBNER OF CLEVELAND OHIO SAYS HE SAW A MONKEY DRINK THRU A STRAW!
CALEB WHIMS OF DETROIT HAD A CUB BEAR THAT DRANK MILK FROM A NURSING BOTTLE!
RAMOND JOHNSON OF LOS ANGELES SAYS THERE IS A BULL ON HIS GRANDFATHERS FARM THAT LIKES TO SIT LIKE A DOG!

MARCO LOCO

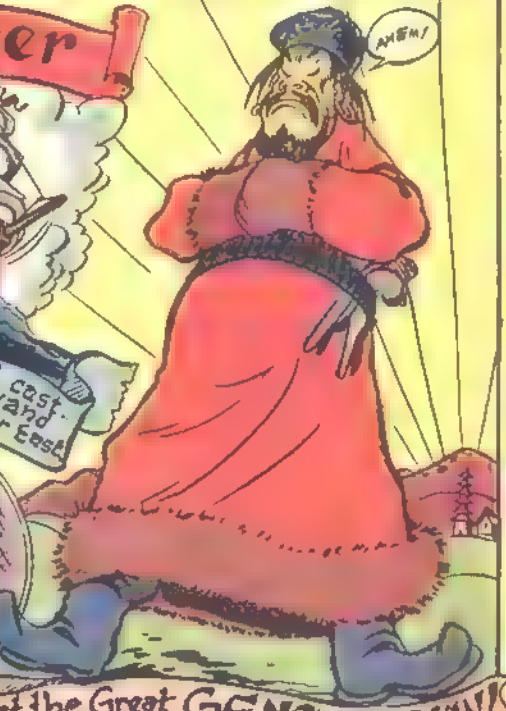
by HUBBELL

Adventurer

This is the tale of how that noble being of valiant heart MARCO LOCO..



rescued an oriental cast away from the sea, and journeying to the far East



Met the Great GENGHIS KHAN!

WELL ACCORDING TO MARCO'S DIARY..

·LOG· At Sea. April 16-

I have noticed great sadness among the crew. Misfortune has overtaken us! Snooch, the cook, is Sick!!!

ALACK POOR SNOOCH IS STILL ABED!

I HOPE HE RECOVERS SOON, POOR FELLOW!

AY! (SOB) FOR THREE DAYS WE HAVE NOT EATEN!

FEELING ANY BETTER TODAY, OLD PAL?

Snooch

NO! OOH HHH

WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! WE AREN'T SO TERRIBLY HUNGRY... .. YET...

D-DON'T EVEN MENTION FOOD! OOH HHHHHHH..

ZOUHOS.! I SHOULD HAVE ENGAGED AN ASS STANT COOK.! THIS S A PRETTY PICKLE.!.. AND..YUM.. SPEAKING OF PICKLES...
IT'S INHUMAN!
WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT.! I CAN'T BEAR IT.!
OH.!
BANG!
THE CREW SWARMS OUT OF THE
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
LOOK!
DON'T LOOK! IT'S AWFUL!
A MONSTROUS, SLITHERING, SLIMY, SEA SERPENT.!!
HURRY.! JEREMY.! HELP ME SWING THE STERN GUN AROUND! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
JUST A LITTLE MORE! THAT'S IT!
BAM!
HOORAY.! HE DID IT.!
MARCO LOCO HAS KILLED THE HORRIBLE SEA SERPENT!
THREE CHEERS FOR MARCO!

HIP HIP
HOORAY!
HIP HIP
HOORAY!
HIP HIP
大吉
WHO SAID THAT?
OD'S BODKINS! A CASTAWAY! THROW HIM A LINE!
ﾒｷﾒｷ!!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT AT SEA IN THAT FRAIL CRAFT?
ME TRY CATCH FISH! CATCH SEA MONSTER BY MISTAKE! ME CHINESE COOK, CALLED SUM BUM CHOW!
A COOK!
A COOK!
A COOK!
A COOK!
AND SO FROM THAT DAY ON, THERE'S A NEW MEMBER OF MARCOS CREW..
HE INTRODUCES MANY STRANGE DISHES INTO THE SHIP'S FARE...
EEK! WHAT IS THIS? SNAKES?
NO! SPAGHETTI! OLD CHINESE DISH!
A FEW WEEKS LATER..
YOU'RE SLIPPING, BUM CHOW! THIS SOUP IS AWFUL SALTY! HOW COME?
SO SOLLY! ME FEEL SAD TODAY!
ALL DAY, ME CRY IN SOUP!
SPOOFT!
FOR SIX YEARS ME WOO BEAUTIFUL CHINESE GIRL! FINALLY SHE SAY, OKEY-DOKE! THEN, DAY BEFORE WEDDING, GREAT GENGHIS KHAN COME FROM HILLS, SEE GIRL, SAY UNLESS ME BRING HIM, WITHIN ONE MONTH, LEFT EYE OF PRECIOUS JEWELS, FROM SACRED IDOL OF OH POOM, HE MARRY GIRL HIMSELF!

HERE IS LEFT EYE FROM SACRED IDOL, BUT MONTH IS UP NEXT TUESDAY!
WHY, THE BIG BUM! HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT STUFF!
TACK THE MAIN TO' GA'NT SAIL, LADS! WE'RE HEADING FOR CHINA!
SEVERAL DAYS PASS... THEN...
LAND AHEAD!
THE INSCRUTABLE CITIZENRY GATHERS TO STARE AS MARCOS' SHIP DROPS ANCHOR..
OH, LOOK! VISITORS! WE GO GET JADE VASES, POST CARDS, HAND CARVED BACK SCRATCHERS! OPEN UP SOUVENIR BUSINESS!
SPLASH!
BUM CHOW GO HOME NOW! OF COURSE ME PROBABLY NOT GET THERE ALIVE, BECAUSE OF PRECIOUS SACRED EYE!
HMM..! ALWAYS DID WANT TO SEE CHINA!
HO, GILLY! PEG-LEG! ONE-EYE! SHAKE A LEG! WE'RE GOING ASHORE!!
RIGHT!
COMIN' UP!
WE WOULD LIKE TO RENT A COUPLE OF CONVEYANCES, MY MAN!
RICKSHAS FOR RENT

NOW QUIT WORRYING, BUM CHOW! YOU'LL BE HOME IN NO TIME!
NORTHWARD ALONG THE COAST THEY SPEED..
WE ARE NOW APPROACHING THE TEMPLE OF OH POOH!
THAT SO?
HALT!!
CUSTOMS INSPECTION! QUOTE- "ANYONE TRYING TO SMUGGLE OPIUM, LIQUOR, TOBACCO, OR JEWELS INTO OH PUH PROVINCE, SHALL BE BEHEADED!" UNQUOTE!
GULP!
?
PSST- GIVE ME THAT, MARCO!
AND NOW, HAVE YOU ANY OF THOSE ITEMS, HMMM?
WHY, ER.. GULP! ER...
CERTAINLY NOT! DO WE LOOK LIKE SMUGGLERS?
HERE'S YOUR EYE BACK! TRICKY LITTLE GUY, AIN'T I?
WHOOIE! THAT YOU ARE, ONE-EYE!

AT LAST, THEY ARRIVE IN SUM BUM CHOW'S VILLAGE..
GEETINGS, FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW! I BUM CHOW RETURN TO CLAIM YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND!
ALAS! YOU COME TOO LATE! EVEN NOW, SHE AND GENGHIS KHAN ARE AT THE CHURCH!
DO YOU, GENGHIS KHAN, TAKE THIS WOMAN, ETC. ?
YAS!
STOP!
HAH! WHO ARE YOU TO THUS BURST IN ON THE WEDDING OF THE GREAT KHAN.?
MARCO'S THE NAME! HERE IS THE LEFT EYE OF THE DRAGON OF OH POOH! KINDLY TAKE YOUR BAUBLE AND GO!
AW, POOEY!
JILTED AGAIN!
MY HERO! LET'S FINISH THE CEREMONY!
GULP!
AW, GEE!
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU TWO MAN AND WIFE!
WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS!
DON'T GO YET!
AW, STICK AROUND!
IT MIGHT BE CUSTOMARY TO KISS THE BRIDE!
SO IT'S OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES FOR MARCO LOCO! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!